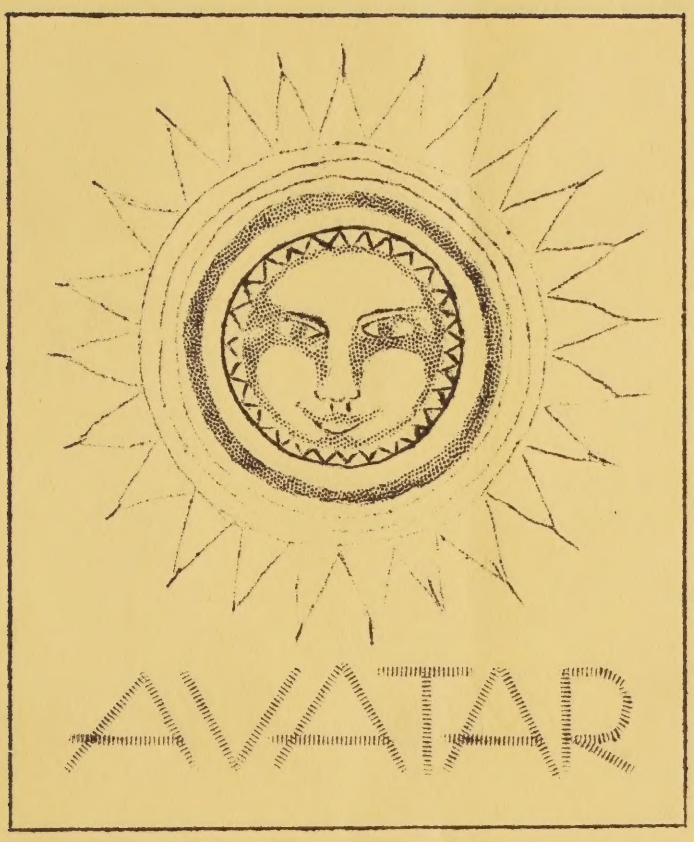
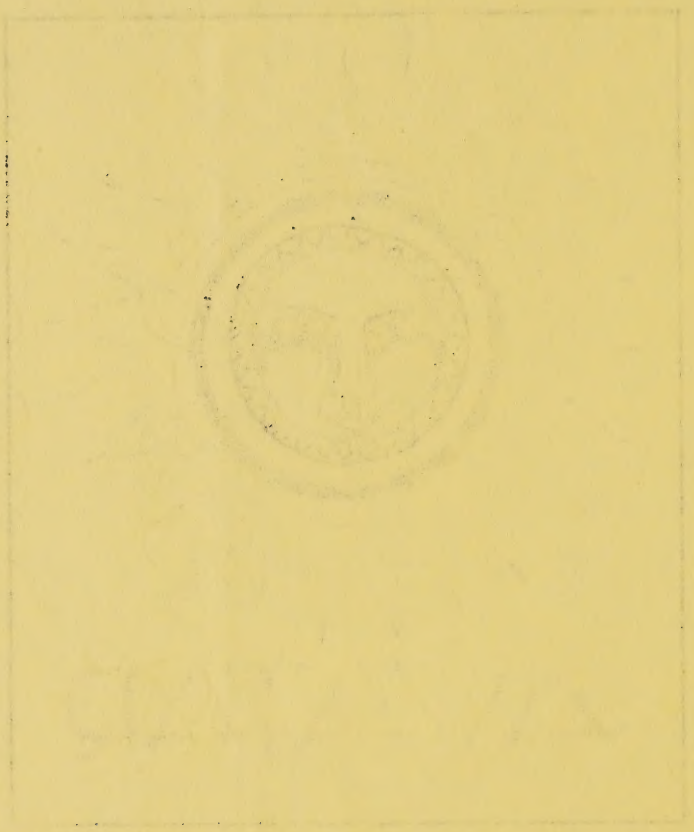
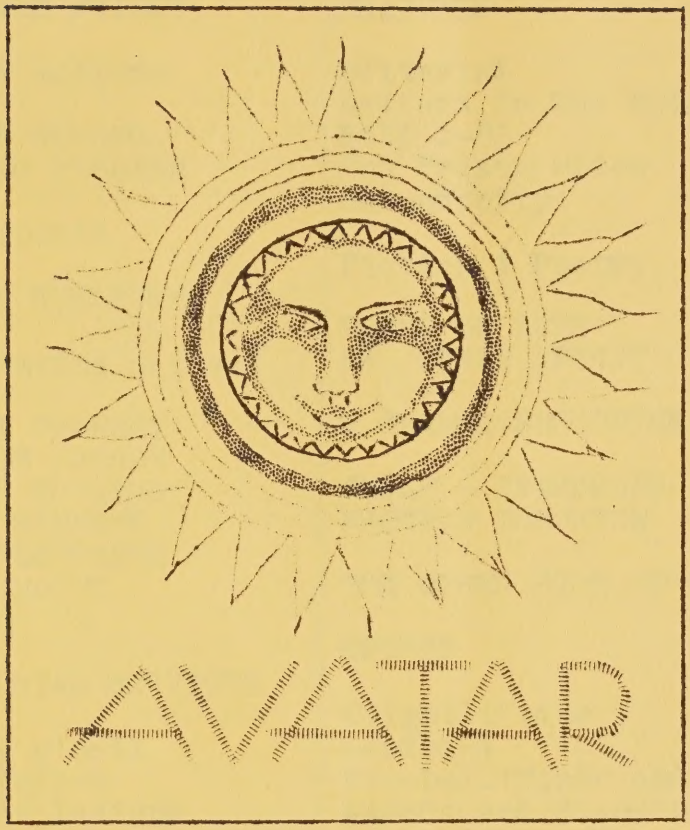


FALL '76

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The opinions expressed in any particular article are those of the author, and are not necessarily the views of any administrative arm of the Government.
The editor respects the right of the author, and welcomes their views.

EDITORIAL

Subject to Change Without Notice

During a recent conversation with a prisoner, he told me an interesting tale. We were waiting to appear before the National Parole Board, and he claimed it reminded him of the times he waited for train and bus connections while traveling- through the United States. It was during one of these trips that the following tale took place.

He was waiting over in Chicago for a train connection when he was invited to play some five card stud, a poker game which is quite common in America. The first hand dealt to him was three Jacks, and two fours. He bet several dollars, and the remaining two players simply called. He showed his hand and stated,
" a tight".
One of the other players showed a five club flush.
The second player, a pleasant looking fellow, calmly said,
" I have a Gootchey". (This hand consists of a nine of diamonds, seven of hearts, Jack of Clubs, and two fives.
" a gootchey" our friend shouted. "What the hell is a gootchey?"
"haven't you played five card stud before?" asked the winner.
" I sure have, but I've never heard of that hand before."
"Well in this town partner, a gootchey is a big hand".
" I'll try to remember this in the future".
The men continued to play, and our friend bided his time and played his cards well. The train connection was almost made and he fanned his cards only to gaze at a gootchey.

" Oh my God", he thought.
" I raise", he shouted, and the pot began to swell as a lovely pregnant woman. Eventually the betting was finished.
" What do you have?" uttered our friend.
One of the bettors said, " I have a tight on Aces".
" I've a gootchey" our friend gleemed.
" Too bad son, but a gootchey is only the best hand at the begining of the game".
" Aw C'mon fellows, you must be kidding". Five card stud is five card stud, and a gootchey is the best hand I thought".
" Your right". "The gootchey is a good hand, but you need to remember, the Rules change from time to time."
" A gootchey today could be a gotchoo tomorrow".

LETTERS

Editor:

I just received the edition of the AVATAR that discussed the Training Schools (May). Thought I would drop you a line to let you know that you are getting through to us, however slow.

I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to drop down and see you. Things at this end have become very hectic trying to get together our Fall edition.

Earlier this month(July) we received a rather detailed letter from Corrections Minister Smith, replying to the magazine and AVATAR articles. Although much of his letter was spent defending his ministry he did say, "I would like to thank you for your sincere concern on behalf of those young people who come into our care." In the legislature, the debate over the budget for corrections, usually taking less than a day, this time took well over a weeks worth of discussion. Many housemembers raised questions about the way Training Schools were run. Smith finally announced that the Coldsprings Camp near Bowmanville, the Portage Lake Dare camp near Britt, Churchill House near Cambridge, and the Grandview School in Cambridge would all be phased out as detention centers for juveniles.

So George, if nothing else, the magazine articles helped focus some attention on the problem, and your article certainly helped make the public and the government concience aware.

I hope that things went well for you at the Parole Board. To have you on the outside again would be wonderful, especially if you continue to write, and more specifically your book.

Keep your eyes open for some good writing, especially humerous material; poetry as well.

In the meantime, keep your head up.

D. Peter Vanderlee
Like It Is Magazine

***

Editor:

I received a complimentary issue of AVATAR at the first of 1976 and then copies continued and I do not subscribe to this publication, but I am sending the yearly rate of $4.00. Sorry I am late in doing so. Please continue my subscription. Thank you so much.

Mr. Ross Sutton

Editors note
Thank you so much.

***

Editor:

Would you be kind enough to let me have a copy of the last issue of AVATAR for use in my law class

Yours truly,
Mrs. L. Reed
Madill Secondary School

Editors note
It has hopefully been delivered by now.

***

Keep those cards and letters coming folks!

LETTERS (cont. from page one)

Editor: Could you please send me the AVATAR monthly. Enclosed is a cheque for $4.00 which I was told to send. Thank you.

Linda Senkin
Hamilton Ont.

Editors note
Thank you Linda S.

***

Editor: Greetings from the Ontarion. I was given your name by Nancy Armour, and Vicki Skelton. I assume I am speaking to George Watson.

It was suggested by the two ladies that you guys might be interested in setting up a newspaper exchange program. We can send you two issues of the official student newspaper of the University of Guelph each week that we publish, and you can forward us your periodical.

That's about it. I don't envy your home, in fact, I don't approve of putting people in cages, unfortunately it is beyond our control at this time. Perhaps the future will see some changes in the government and the people.
Take it easy.

J.N. Millington
Editor in Chief

Editors note
I presume this has been accepted by the AVATAR staff. Sounds O.K. to me

***

(About this issue)

The letters addressed to the editor were obviously for the former editor, Mr. George Watson. I regret to say that he personally was not able to respond to the pleasant letter and new subscribers . George Watson asked me to be his assistant editor, and for me this was a pleasure. George took me under his wing the day I entered The Kingston Penitentiary seven years ago. He was announcing the baseball games and invited me to keep the statistics with him. From that time until now, George and I worked together on many projects. I am very sorry that we were not able to spend more time working on the AVATAR. I was just coming as he was "goig".

From the enclosed letters you can note that George was respected by readers on the outside as well as by his confreres inside. He often irritated the heads of institutions with his free spirit; George did not allow himself to be intimidated in his work. He had a strong conviction about his right to speech. He is going to be missed by his readers, but more important, his friends and the AVATAR staff will miss him dearly.

John David Prince
Editor
AVATAR

***

"He was my friend, and no truer friend had he...."
Shakespeare

***

To the editor:

WELCOME JOHN

The underlings

***

BILL C-83 john david prince

The Thirtieth Parliament of Canada on June 18, 1976 passed Bill C-83, an Act for the better protection of Canadian society against perpetrators of violent and other crimes. On July 15, 1976, the House of Commons amended the Criminal Code in relation to punishments for murder, and certain other offences. Murder is now either first or second degree The amendments take effect immediately.

Earlier, the Criminal Code was amended regarding the power of the jury, upon conviction of noncapital murder to recommend a "specific" term from ten to twenty years depending upon the circumstances of the case. The new Bill C-83, increases this "specific" sentence from ten to twenty-five years. Where the offender is sentenced to life for a specific term of over fifteen years, he may appeal to the Chief Justice and a jury to have this term reduced, i.e., before he can appear in front of the Parole Board. The same is true for those convicted of second degree murder.

The Policies regarding temporary day passes are still very much under design of a planner somewhere in Ottawa. Rumour has it that "lifers", cannot receive a pass without the concensus of the Parole Board(this is seven of nine possible votes). There is no final word on the details of passes for lifers as of this writing.

Temporary day paroles are said to be discontinued, and day paroles are possible one year prior to your full parole date. Temporary day passes can be granted for humanitarian purposes at anytime, but resocialization, and rehabilitation passes can only be granted three years prior to your full parole eligbbility date. A lifer needs7 votes for his first pass,and 3 votes for the second one. Up until the passing of this Bill C-83, a lifer could be granted a pass upon merit, not some arbitrary criteria, which brings me to an important issue concerning this piece of legislation.

It is my understanding, and I hold a law degree, that no law is to be made retroactive. This would include making the law retroactive by practice. It appears from letters which I have read, and behaviour I have seen, that Bill C-83 will be, and is, retroactive in practice. Inmates whose parole dates were given them in 1973, now are given new eligibility dates in 1976. "Lifers" who had temporary passes, and honoured them, still now have their cases go before local, Regional, and National Boards before a pass is granted!

In my view, once realizable goals of reformation and resocialization,tools for protecting society, as well as offering correctional staff social control measures,have been severely damaged. This Bill is pernicious.

DOING TIME ON THE OUTSIDE * THE PRISON WIDOW
JOSIE TWOMNEY
COPYRIGHT RESERVED AUGUST 1976
NOT TO BE REPRINTED OUTSIDE OF THE AVATAR COLLINS BAY
J. TWOMNEY IS THE COMMON LAW WIFE OF AN INMATE AT COLLINS BAY

In describing in my mind over and over again the shock and horror of a courtroom sentencing that saw, against all advice and information given us, my husband given a ten year sentence for a crime that yielded another more co-operative man eighteen months in a provincial reformatory, I saw a reality descending upon me - the wife left behind - as black and lonely as any period of mourning caused by death.

In those first few months of shock and numbness, in which you try through work and sleep, to deny the reality of such a lengthy and defined separation, you finally realize that you've joined the ranks of those wives and mothers, the afterbirth of the courtroom conception, that weds your husband to the company of other men, and that leaves you to go it alone.

For myself and several other prison widows I've talked to, the feeling is best described by a strange and solitary poetess, Emily Dickinson, in her poem, My Life Closed Twice Before Its Close.

My life closed twice before
its close;
It yet remains to see
If immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to
conceive,
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of
heaven
And all we need of hell.

We only begin to cope when we accept that a part of our life is closed, is truly over. We only start to give a shell-shocked existence essence when we accept that closing, and embryonically start a new kind of living.

Consider with me, if you will, the plight of the prison widow. Women unless endowed with beauty, wealth or unscroupulousnes are essentially second class citizens to begin with. Studies of wages, social attitudes, employment inequalities etc. verify this point. 'Criminal' (we are essentially not speaking, of white collar criminals; they are societies success stories. We are speaking of blue collar criminals; you know the ones who do not have enough money, political clout, or family connections to buy their way out) - criminals are essentially viewed by the man on the street as an assortment of 'losers, bums, and deviants.' In a society that gives primary status to the women in terms of whom she has married, consider then the status of the wife of the above.

In a recent study conducted by W5 of the man-in-the-street's attitude toward capital punishment specifically and criminals generally, the majority of judgements were harsh and punitive. As one immigrant Canadian from Britain succinctly put it, "Well I mean, we feed 'em and clothe 'em in nice warm cosy jails, eh.. with color T.V. an everything; I haven't no color T.V., me that's been working in

this country twenty - seven years and then we gotta support their wives and kids if you can call 'em that, they're not really married you knw, shacked uy they are so they can cheat welfare, and we're supporting 'em while their kids are growing up to be just like their fathers; no good bums." A harsh and cruel stereotype you say Indeed, but isn't that the way it is perceived by some. And so the companion stereotype for the women married to the loser, bum or dev - iant is one of a poor woman, unable to support her family, and therefore a burden on society. Emotionally and psychologically she is valued less, for what kind of woman she is if she loves the likes of that.

Socially the wife of an inmate (and I'm using the term wife to indicate the intimacy of the relationship, rather than a defined legal state) is an oddity, unless she socializes primarily with other men and women who understand or who have had criminal histories. But suppose she isn't, or can't or doesn't want to be. A widow whose husband has died receives sympathy and attention when she reen - ters social living as a single woman. People try generally to inc - lude her, to invite her, to help her adjust to her new status. Unlike her widowed sister , the pris on widow receives little or no sympathy, indulgence or understanding. My personal experience and observation is that she is held in an uncomfortable disrespect by most sraight, middle- class pers - ons; she is held in contempt by some, and observed by others with a kinky curiosity. Still others sensing the lonliness and vunerability of the woman seek to exploit and manipulate her. The less said about these kinds of emotional, sexual and psychological predators the better.

And so, in a society that advertises the couple as the ideal - from Labatt's commercials, to building that dream home together, the mutual retirement - the prison widow is in an irritating and uncomfortable reminder of what is not ideal in society and relationships. The October crisis should be a warning to all people that individual freedom in this country is on a very fragile and precarious ground; but so many choose not to see. Women without men, we loom like the grim reaper exposing the plastic fabric of the great Canadian dream - that sorrow, separation, aloneness is the reality that does not go away no matter how much tide, F.D.S. or Channel Number Five we use. We represent you see, the human existential condition that North America tries so desperately to avoid admitting exists.

And for those of us who chose to stand by our husbands, for as many reasons as there are individuals among our ranks, we also serve his sentence - again and again, in missed opportunities, unshared moments, Christmases come and gone without Dad.If we were army widows, or the wives of prisoners of war we would be given some moral and social stature. On our side of the tracks, however, the stereotype prevails - they must be the activities of obsessive, insecure, social malcontents.

The individual story of courage or tragedy does not seem to matter All yields to the stereotype. She is no better than that which she lives with. And the societal "we" know what he is.
The real questions are not asked. Is he innocent? Is he that guilty?

Did he deserve that kind of sentence. Was the crime real? Is there a relationship there that could essentially be far more rehabilitative? Couldn't an alternative to incarceration be found?

The Canadian public, ignorant conciously or unconciously of white collar crime, plea bargaining , the bureaucratic mess of the Federal penal system, alcoholic judges appointed for life, over ambitious crown prosecutors, a non-functioning Bill of Rights, regional and provincial judicial disparities, and the multiplicities and varying needs and inadequacies within the personalities of the offenders themselves - closes its ears and eyes to the one reality in this theatre of the absurd - that SOCIETY is a REFLECTION OF THEM * SELVES. It says rather, and especially in a time of moral and economic uncertainty, "Lock away those parts of myself that I don't want to see or deal with."

The blight on the landscape... are the children and women left behind as reminders of the tragic waste of human potentiality and talent. And, if as Christians and humanists Mr. and Mrs. Canada were to look and claim ownership, they would see the faces of their own sons and daughters. They would see in the women and children serving time outside the walls that we do not fit the stereotype. We're not all illiterate and socially inadequate. We probably read and study moral and political issues more than you. When the rest of Canada was shocked at the infringement upon human rights of so many innocents during the October crisis, we smiled, because we'd been there through years of paroles revoked without appeal, paroles revoked without explanation, parole denied because of suspicion; employment denied because of criminal records pardons delayed because of bureaucratic bungling; dead time served; unnecessary and sadistic sentencing.

We are from all classes and occupations. We're mothers, nurses homemakers, teachers, researchers, secretaries and former clerics. We are recognized by our awkward aloneness and our eyes.. and if I may say it quietly in closing, by our kind of courage and honesty. We are apologetic. While I do not condone what my husband did or did not do I can understand his frailty, avarice, youth, guilt or innocence. And I can understand that his frailty, avarice, youth, guilt or innocence exists in each one of us, and in me. I can also believe that as surely as I am capable of growth, compassion, and humanity, he is capable of the same.

I am He.
He is you.
We are Society.

In times of troubled aloneness when the cruelty and purposelessness of our situation cripples I draw strength from the last line of John Milton's beautiful poem On His Blindness.

"They also serve who
only stand and wait"

---

*

To measure a man by his smallest deed, is to measure the might of the ocean by the frailty of its foam.

Well, here I am, saddled with an article on ed-yoo-kay-shun, and me with my prolificity banks fresh depleated and every tube in my head burned out. Anyway, the usual and abiding hallmark of articles of this sort is flawless scholarship and erudition within the body of the article itself. We shall not be found guilty on this account. On the other hand, we shall be found less than totally without pretention, for we are, after all, blowing our own trumpet.

It has been suggested by those far more worthy than the present poor writer, and in more voluminous exegetics, that inmates suffer from a rabid affliction known far and wide as institutional paranoia. This means that having been the victim of one or several in concert of mankind's oldest and most firmly entrenched institutions notably the bastions of law, justice and penal places, that we will proceed with extreme caution where institutions are concerned for evermore.

So - education being an institution, one could reasonably expect that inmates would be found to go very cautiously, if at all, in this area. It seems, however that once having tasted of the Pierian ichor, the waters of learning and art, the Politics Class '76 flung all those restraints to the wind mumbling as they did so, "Alas such strains on our pea sized brains", and proceeded to bend their talents to the task of churning out four thousand word papers equal to just about anything produced by students beyond the Great Wall.

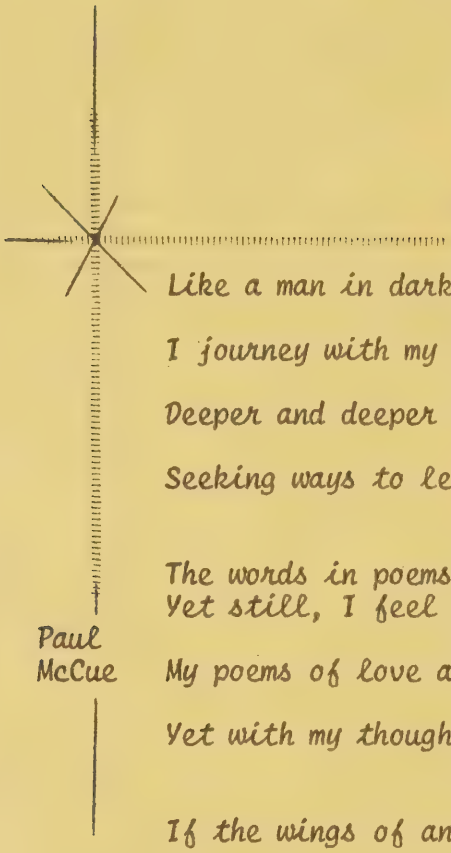
Education that is commonly served up in the standard institutional guise is more often than not, a tasteless, bland porridge of dreariness. Under the auspices of Queen's University, the energetic efforts of Mr. Peter Snow, a graduate student instructor of Comparative Politics, turned drear into appreciable wit, fascinating discovery and generally capable response by our aspiring political scientists.

It must be noted that this particular class was fortunate in being exposed both to the lively intellect of the indefatigable "Prof. Pete" and the wiley mental machinations of colleague clue collectors. Each and every member of the class contributed in a unique fashion, bringing to the ninety hours of seminars and lectures a wealth of personal experience which proved illuminating and on the whole enjoyable.

Notable achievers, though everyone who hung in to the end can be said to have done well, were Andy (Teach) Simmons, Larry Buttle and John Grimes. Hiss..Pooh..Yeck. These ~~stupids~~ students delivered themselves (while the rest of us squirmed in our seats) of scintillating oratory during seminars and pulled off consistently sickening, or rather sickeningly consistent high marks.

We might mention that Sir Lawrence of Buttle is, as might be expected somewhat of an expert on Chineese ladies, while Teach Simmons shines forth a lone luminary in the field of Russian Revolutionary history. Wow! The Crown Prince John took the coveted principles award for belly button cogutation - also with high marks.

it appears that work at this level was our profit and pleasure. Performance seems to point to a continuation of post secondary education.



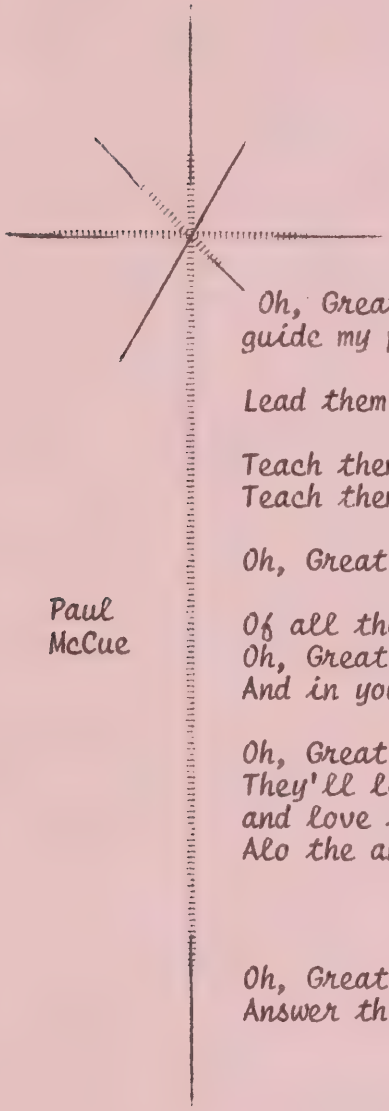
POEMS OF LOVE

Paul McCue

Like a man in darkness, a world mean't only
for the blind
I journey with my thoughts into the darkest depths
of my mind.
Deeper and deeper into darkness with my thoughts
I go,
Seeking ways to let you know how much
I love you so.

The words in poems of love are easy to read and see,
Yet still, I feel they just don't say how much
you mean to me.
My poems of love are not of doubt, my love for you
is real,
Yet with my thoughts I journey, seeking ways to say
just how I feel.

If the wings of an angel I had, to your side
I would fly
Just to say how I love you and gladly fall and die.
That's how much I love you, though we are far apart,
And I'll just have to be content to say,
I love you with all my heart.



OH, GREAT SPIRIT

Oh, Great Spirit, of tribes upon the land,
guide my people with the strength of your
outstretched hand.
Lead them through the never ending tide
of this troubled earth,
Teach them the ways of life,
Teach them for all their worth.

Oh, Great Spirit, They'll follow you in your
every step,
Of all the things you teach, they'll not forget
Oh, Great Spirit, you are everything my people need,
And in your teachings, they will take great heed.

Oh, Great Spirit, as you watch from above,
They'll learn to hate the things you hate,
and love the things you love.
Alo the animals of the
forests
mountains
and stream,
Oh, Great Spirit, hear their prayer,
Answer their silent screams.

Paul
McCue

"A Chance Encounter"

One of the things that he probably did better than anyone else in the whole wide world - was to "trip". Oh, not the common run of the mill "tripping" available to anybody who could afford a nickle of good "flowertop". He couldn't even lay his hands on asprin.

The relentless bludgening of the years in a cell had taught him how to climb. And climbing it was, for it was done by a concious effort of the will. He began his ascent wave after wave of indigo swept over his conciousness. With each successive wave he climbed higher, guided by Morpheus.

His "being" dissolved, spreading itself out, like gasoline on water. Ethereal music filled his ears. The music caught him up, tum - bling him over and over. His body was luminous. In time the soul of the prisoner begins to emit light and the prisoner counts the minutes, putting him in intimate communion with the Universe.

He floated free. He was the vertigo. Galactic dust clouds swirled against the star riddled cosmic background. And he felt the Other presence. At first the thoughts came softly probing his awareness. It was the wisdom of his Overself. The thoughts came from everywhere, but had no locus. Ah...

to sleep, perchance
to dream. Sweet
sleep that knits
the ravelled sleeve
of care.

He heard a disembodied voice that whispered, "You see about you on all sides, the Universe bejewelled with stars. You must know that every man and every woman is a star."

Sure. Sure he knew. He pulled himself together. Not quite together. He spoke in the best voice that he could command. It reverberated down the corridors of infinity and fell softly on his own ears.

"In the planetesimal hypothesis astronomers claim that the solar system owes its present form to the close encounter of two stars. There are many myths of creation from encounter; something worthwhile seems to take place during such "moments", for whatever scale their duration is measured by the span is brief. Mankind appears to live in close proximity to each other. The spiritual, intellectual and emotional distances between them,however,are astronomical. The principle objection to the planetesimal hypothesis is that, the great distances between the stars make a close encounter highly improbable.

Every man and every woman is a star. The vast distances between them make a close encounter highly improbable - for - as above so below, on Earth as it is in heaven.

The vision crumbled
collapsed
down
down
down to
wakefullness-ness

He was awake. He was alone in his cell stifling panic and thinking that one of the things that he probably did better than anyone else in the whole wide world was to cope with lonliness-ness.

SMILE

There is not a moment
In any day
Where you can't
find beauty in such a way
you don't have time
To smile...

So when you're all uptight
Nothing seems to be right,
Sit down my friend,
relax
It only lasts awhile
Smile...

Joey
Lachance

TEARDROPS

I cry on every window
Some will call me rain.
But look at me more closely,
As I trickle down the pane.

A lonely child crying,
The tears are much the same,
I cry on every window,
Some will call me rain.

FREE MAN TOMORROW

Greetings. How are you Governor?
Have you heard the cries and pleas
of the slaves of yesterday
and the Free Man of Tomorrow?
Listen, you will.

Have you considered all the hurt
that human beings go through
in your prisons?
To your chains
I stand shameless in my pride,
For I am clean in spirit,
I am delicate natured
with a beautiful heart.
I can feel pity for another human.
But, you are my landlord-
How do you feel in in tryanng of your prisons?

Freedom you will never know unless
you open up your prison doors,
And let them stand no longer.
Only then, you shall be free
from immortal sin.

How can you punish those whose remorse
is already greater than their
misdeeds?

M. F.

"The Other Side of the Mountain"

What constitutes a crime is hardly ever cut and dry...,but allow me to tell the tale.

David and I worked for the Dept. of Forests cutting trails in the valleys, and on time off we hiked and climbed. Mountains for David were made to see over. our first ascent was made on Mt. Hope. We finally crawled astride the peak to feast on the awesome splendor of the range spread before us. On that day while making our descent we came upon the skull and ribs of a mountain goat caought on a rock and that was the first that I knew that a goat could slip.

There were other mountains, other summits, Inglismaldie, Sundance. On the way down from Sundance we found a Robin with a broken wing. I cought it to tame but David took and killed it and said, "Could you teach it to fly?"

In August we ascended the Fortress The woods were alive. We emer - ged beyond the timber line and camped the night. The stars executed their flawless dance followed by incredible dawn in the Rockies. Sun shone on an incredible world of crystal and cold blue chasms. For a hundred feet we fought the rock and shouldered and kneed our way for an hour. We made it! Unroping I turned to look North. Heedless of handhold, one foot gave. I swayed and called out. David turned sharp, reaching out and steadying me. But the strain crumbled his foothold. Without a gasp he was gone!

Somehow I worked down the fifty impossible feet to the ledge where he lay. His young face was upturned and strangely unmarked. When I reached him he was alive. His eyes did not avert as he murmured, "Over..over." There was a final drop beside him and in an effort to move him I felt a cruel fang of the ledge stuck in his back.

He said, "I can't move..if only I felt some pain." Tears of shame stung my eyes as I saw the blood slide from his side. And he whispered, "I want to go over." I knew now what he meant and I grasped for a lie and said. "I'll be back here by midnight with men and ropes. But it was impossible. Days of enduring agony for David, if he lived till we came. I whispered "The bleeding will stop, you can last." He said only, "Perhaps..for what? A wheelchair?

I was dazed not knowing what to do but he called and his voice was sharpened with fear. "For Christ sake push me over,.. if I could move..or die.." The sweat ran from his forehead. Even in the sun it grew cold..and I knew he had tested his holds.It was I who had not. I looked at the blood on the ledge and the far valley. I looked at last in his eyes. He breathed, "I'd do it for you."

I ran as I had never run before, scrambling, sliding heedless of craig, branch and bramble. Running falling..gasping. I stumbled, fell and rose. Staggering still I reached the valley. Panic was on me searching for the trail by the creek in the blackness. I found it.

Then I saw the glimmer of lights in the tents and babbled my story. I said he fell straight to the ice where they found him. And none but the mountain and I know. Sometimes I think of prisoners, men just like me

and I wonder....

DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT RIGHT DOWN IN THE WEIGHT PIT

Out on the tarmac at the C. B.I. weight pits it's always busy. The place looks like a gladiatorial school from a page out of Spartacus or something. All over the place, great glistening bodies pushing iron in tonnages that boggle the brain of the average citizen. Whew! Girls there are some studs in here that would just blow your little headlights with their masculine pulchritude, and if that isn't enough, they're strong as street cars and crazy to do it. Well, on Field Day '76 they were out in force to strut their stuff and display the vitality that still courses through their veins locked up or not.

Moving right along and getting down to the nitty grittics. In the lightweight class we find Kirk Peters as the champ in this division. Kirk weighs in at 143 lbs. Are you ready for this he lifted a total of 900#. This breaks down as a 380# dead lift, a bench press of 210# and a squat of 310#. Kirk has been seen down in the arena banging the snot out of the heavy bag with decided efficiency. On the night before the competition he injured his back with a practise ½ squat. Undaunted he went on to win. Awright Kirk Second place was sewn up by Tommy Havers and Dave Warriner finished in third place.

In the middle weight classification, Nelson Trudel grabbed up the first place honours. He pulled this off with a total weight of 1002 lbs. Not bad, say we. Nelson is no stranger to the iron and is into body building with good results. He trains two other guys, Rob Smith and Graham Ferrer. Both of these guys have made good gains and we reckon that Nelson knows what he's about. O.K. Nelson and crew.

And now for the heavies. The undisputed champ in the tank division is Big Wayne Chase Hang on - Wayne's total was 1200 lbs. This figures as a 480# dead lift, A 350# full squat and a 370# bench press Folks, we don't know what Wayne eats but you can bet your life it's chock full of riboflavin and vitamins A B C D E F G H J and K. Wayne is into body building in a big way, and he gets enormous strength from his dyno-MITE work out. What can we say? Hats off to ya champ, you're a livin' breathing testimony to hard work, good technique and determination.

When it comes to working with the iron, Freddy Martin listens carefully to Wayne. The two of them can be found in the pit slugging their hearts out regular. Freddy took second place no sweat. Total iron pushed weighed 1080#. He made 300# on his bench press, 450# for a dead lift, and squatted with 330. Freddy has made impressive gains in the iron and is shaping up fast as a power pa-

Weights (cont. from page

cked example of what the Chase routine can accomplish When we talked to Wayne for this rundown he assured us that both he and Freddy have already superceded the lifts recorded here and promised bigger and better for next year. Yikes!

Third was Cliff Strong.????? What a bum! But he said he had a sore shoulder and a sore knee and a sore wrist and a sore finger and a sore elbow. Haaa, what a bum.

Here comes the judge, last but not least. Judge of all three weight divisions Harry (Tramp) Pentiluk, rolled up his sleeves for both days of the competition and along with his judicating, did a little coaching on rules and form. He rolled up his sleeves and jumped into the thick of it. When it was all over the Tramp had pulled up on a 445# dead lift, squatted 310# and bench 290#. So giving credit where credit is due, good show all way round, Tramp.

There are other stars rising notably Wild Bill Huckle. We don't know if Billy will compete next year and he missed this performance. If he does, we reckon that somebody will have to move it on over. Same for John Brooks.

That's all, Folks.

Bye - Bye for now.

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Handball

We see the courts full most of the time. It has been a popular, fast moving game throughout the summer. But looks as though it's just about all over for handball. Niel Massicote and Joe Juhasz play singles along with J.J. Mooney and Dwayne Shaw.

Doubles are played with zeal by Mike Harrison, John Grimes and Hing Eng, Ken Weston, John Prince, Patrick Dailly, and Ron "Heavy Load" McAllister. Lot of sweat generated out there this summer.

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WANTED

ARTICLES? POETRY, AND FICTION

The AVATAR is a prisoners publication and is a medium for inmates and interested people on the outside, to air their views.

Inmates wanting to contribute to the AVATAR please put their writing in the AVATAR Box on the main hallway.

Subscribers are invited to write their letters of opinion to the editor, as well as contribute poetry, articles, and fiction.

FIELD DAY

Buddy Johnston has run the last three field days that I've been here and each one has been an improvement. This year had extra participation which certainly didn't hurt. It was an all day affair that was highlighted as usual by the greasy pole but even before this came what I thought to be the event of the day. This was the obstacle course which I am told was put together on the spur of the moment. You could have fooled me.

An added attraction this year were track and field trophies donated by Molson's for winners in certain areas.

Athlete of the Day honours were captured by Wayne Boullion with a total of 35 pts. Three firsts - 100 yard dash 440 yard dash, 880 relay and a second in the 220 yd. dash A very busy day.

With an equally busy schedule was Paul Minchello with 28 points for the day. Paul had firsts in the high jump and the triple jump with a second in the 880 relay and a third in the long jump. Close behind Paul was Tony Plummer with firsts in the 220 and 880 relay and a second in the 440 dash for a total of 25 points.

Congradulations to all and many thanks to everyone who participated in the events and to those on the sidelines.

THE BOTTOM DIAMOND

A 30 game schedule was completed before the Steelers locked up first place with 36 points. Second with 34 points were the Dodgers, who needed to win their last game in order to beat out the Pirates, who had 30 pts.

Part of the success story of the Steelers belongs to their compatibility along with the M.V.P.?Pete Hodgins Gord Putman won most Improved Player, while John Grimes shared the Best Pitcher trophy with Al Guay of the Pirates.

The Dodgers, first place for most if the year, were nipped in the stretch. Rick Beaudoin and Norm Mallet teamed up to do most of the Dodger pitching with occasional help from Pat Barry. Andy Simmons was voted mgr. of the year and the Dodgers also had the most gentlemanly player in Jack Prokipczuk

The only thing the Pirates lacked was an adequate manager. With the batting champion in Bill Branton , the best pitcher in Al Guay and Rabbit Burns who barely got out - voted for M.V.P. they certainly had the talent but not the leadership to go all the way. Rocky Duval and Ian Patterson who were among the top batters of the year were outstanding for the Pirates.

In the next issue of the AVATAR we will cover the play-offs.

MAJOR LEAGUE

This season came to its end after 28 games with the Mets on top with 35 points, followed by the Yankees with 29 and the Phillies with 19.

Leo Smith was probably the defensive strength of the Mets, but add the good bats of John McKernon, Gary Barnes Joe Beaudrow and Dave Humphries, and you've got a first place team. Besides being winning pitcher of the year Leo also managed the team for most of the season and ended third in the batting. John McKernon a relief pitcher, provided good leadership on his team and always gave everything he had. Jim Scott, a steady left-fielder is also the most gentlemanly player of the year.

The Yankees, in the running all year, and in first place the first half could not keep it together until it was over even though strong and steady efforts were forthcoming all year from Robbie Robertson, the leagues M. V.P., Wayne Hurlburt, Batting Champ, Tommy Havers and Beep McClusky at first.

Bob Christian, normally a centre fielder and nominated Rookie of the Year was called upon to pitch for the Yankees when Dick Thibodeau was traded to the Phillies. Bob, put into a tough situation handled like a veteran. Even though it is only his first year in the majors he did well. Tom Havers, who really wanted to be an outfielder, travelled to the minors and returned midway through the season and earned the Most Improved Player Award along with Dave Humphries and Dave Gillen.

For the Yankees reserve strength, a great deal of praise goes to John Atkinson, Dan Worth, and Larry"Tramp" Pentiluk. Bo Schieman and Gary Lewis steady in the outfield, Beep McClusky found his spot at first after a nit of shifting about. Babe Pellot never missed a game.

The Phillies who at the beginning of the season were built around Ted Woods had to be changed when Ted sadly decided not to play. With only one original player left they ended third for the year. Larry Ferguson never missed a game and won Rookie of the Year award. Bob Young, originally manager of the Yankees ended up holding his own as the Philly catcher. Pitching was somewhat unsettled with Dick Thibodeau, but when he was on he was right on. Charlie Bonneville while managing played first base, and caught some. Bob Garneau added a good bat to the Philly line-up, and was a steady fielder. Dave Gillen played third, second, and finally landed a steady spot in the outfield.

The AVATAR congratulates the Mets and Leo Smith and all those who won awards. Hats off to those who made the time for scorekeeping.

MAJOR LEAGUE AWARDS

Most Valuable Player	Robbie Robertson
Batting Champion	Wayne Hurlburt
Best Pitcher	Leo Smith
Rookie of the Year	Larry Ferguson
Most Improved Player	Tom Havers, Dave Humphries, Dave Gillan.

FINAL STANDINGS:

	G.P.	W	L	T	PTS.
METS	28	17	10	1	35
YANKS	28	14	13	1	29
PHILLIES	28	10	18	0	20

TOP BATTERS:

	AB.	H.	AVG.
Wayne Hurlburt	93	45	.484
Robbie Robertson	89	37	.472
Joe Beaudreau	61	28	.459
Leo Smith	89	37	.416
Bob Garneau	52	18	.346
Larry Ferguson	95	32	.337

MINOR LEAGUE AWARDS

Most Valuable Player	Peter Hodgins
Batting Champion	Bill Branton
Best Pitcher	John Grimes/Al Guay
Most Improved Player	Gord Putman
Most Gentlemanly Player	Jack Prokipczuk
Manager of the Year	Andy Simmons

FINAL STANDINGS:

	G.P.	W	L	T	PTS.
STEELERS	30	18	12	0	36
DODGERS	30	17	13	0	34
PIRATES	30	15	15	0	30

TOP BATTERS:

	AB.	H.	AVG.
Bill Branton	87	39	.448
Peter Hodgins	112	50	.446
Al Guay	100	42	.420
Rick Beaudion	97	40	.412
Ian Patterson	101	41	.406